

gentler than silk, stronger than steel

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gentler than silk, stronger than steel

by [timelimez](#)

Summary

Sunshine erupted in Dream's chest, heart clenching tight. "I'll *always* take care of you." He agreed.

Notes

happy valentine's day!

this isn't my favorite work of mine tbqh, but i wanted to write something kinda sweet and soft and post it for u guys for valentine's day :]

usual stuff: don't share my works with cc's or repost. if dream or george state they're uncomfortable with fanfic, this work will be taken down.

my twitter is timelimez, follow for updates and stuff :D

title: pyjama pants - cavetown

enjoy <3

Dream was sure he'd never been happier in his entire life.

Some stupid romcom was playing on the TV, but his attention was completely on George.

His boyfriend's face was pressed into the crook of his neck, snuggled up happily on his lap. All of their usual banter and teasing had been abandoned that day in favor of soft, genuine, loving words.

They'd stayed at home all day, wearing comfy clothes and enjoying each other's presence. Breakfast had been pancakes Dream tried his damned hardest on, lunch was takeout, and dinner was pasta that the both of them made together.

It was sometime in the evening, though, and both men were content and happy with how the day had gone. George had made Dream promise not to give him any gifts, but being himself, Dream couldn't just *not*.

He'd gotten George a new set of monitors for his PC, and though it wasn't the most traditional Valentine's Day gift, the joy on his boyfriend's face was worth more than anything Dream could have bought for him.

He'd also bought him a bouquet of flowers, which he'd surprised him with in the morning.

"I picked out all the flowers myself," Dream had said as George studied the bundle in his hands. "It's why they kinda don't match? I wanted to make sure they were all colors you could see easily." He'd explained.

George's cheeks had flushed brilliantly, an impossibly fond smile spreading across his perfect face. "Thank you."

Dream hugged George a little tighter, burying his face in his soft hair. "Have you had a good day, George?" He asked softly.

"Mm, yeah," George murmured, tilting his head forward to press a sweet kiss to the side of Dream's neck. "Especially with you being all sweet." He said, lifting his head to lean their foreheads together.

Dream chuckled softly. "Well. You deserve sweet, once in a while." He gave George a chaste kiss. His lips were so soft, and they tasted just a little bit like strawberry chapstick, and he had the audacity to chase after Dream's lips when he pulled away.

Dream settled his big hands on George's hips, easily manhandling him to straddle his lap instead of sitting sideways.

George wrapped his arms around Dream's neck, snuggling up close to him.

"Comfy?" Dream asked softly, rubbing George's back. George only nodded, happy to lean against Dream's chest, balling up the extra fabric of his sweater paws into his fists.

"I love you so fucking much." Dream kissed his forehead.

"You too." George blushed, leaning in for another kiss. This time, when George parted his lips, Dream was happy to deepen the kiss, nipping at George's bottom lip and licking into his mouth.

George let out a soft noise, eyes fluttering shut as he melted into the kiss. Dream reached a hand up to cup George's cheek.

“Dream,” He breathed out against his lips, pressing himself impossibly closer.

“Yeah?” Dream smiled softly, and the pure adoration and love in his eyes made George want to cry.

“Can you carry me? To the bedroom?” He asked, tugging at Dream’s plain t-shirt.

“Course. C’mere, honey,” Dream murmured, easily scooping George up in his arms and standing up. George tightened his arms around Dream’s broad shoulders, wrapping his legs around his waist. He didn’t like being picked up at first, but it had become one of his favorite things. He always felt so secure and safe in Dream’s arms, knowing that he’d never drop him or let him get hurt.

Dream laid down on the bed after depositing George down gently, immediately pulling him back into his arms. “Hi there,” He smiled.

“Hi.” George returned the smile before leaning in for a kiss, shifting to press one of Dream’s legs between his own.

Grinning against his lips, Dream ran his hands down to George’s hips, squeezing him a little.

George whimpered softly, licking desperately into Dream’s mouth as he started to lightly grind his hips against Dream’s thigh.

Dream let him, sliding one of his hands down to squeeze George’s ass over his gray joggers. He earned a quiet little noise in response.

“I love you so fucking much,” Dream breathed out, drawing back from the kiss just enough to make eye contact. “More than anything.”

George’s chest felt tight, like his heart was overflowing with affection. “You’re so...” He started, not even knowing where to go. No words would ever be enough to express his love for him.

“I know.” Dream smiled, running a warm hand through George’s mussed up hair. “I can do the talking. You don’t have to.”

Overcome with a flood of endearment, George buried his face in Dream’s shoulder. How lucky was he that this man knew him well enough to know how much he cared for him without saying a single word?

“What do you wanna do tonight?” Dream asked softly, cradling the back of George’s head tenderly as his other hand rubbed soothing circles into his back.

“Mm, whatever you want. You’ve been all gentlemanly today.” George murmured, lifting his head to press a kiss to the corner of Dream’s mouth.

Smiling sheepishly, Dream returned the kiss. “We can just see where we go, then. I don’t have a preference.”

Happy with that answer, George swung a leg over Dream’s hips to straddle him properly, leaning down to trail kisses down along his jaw.

Dream let out a content sigh, tilting his head back to give George more space.

George tried to press as much affection as he possibly could into each kiss he left, letting his eyes

fall shut to suck a light mark into the side of Dream's neck.

Dream squeezed his hip, a warm reminder of how close they were, before George finally lifted his head to give him a proper kiss again.

"Love you," George breathed out, hardly a whisper. He still never said it as often as Dream did, and though Dream had stated time and time again that he didn't mind, George still felt a little bad about it.

Dream just smiled against his lips, cupping George's cheek with a firm hand before bringing him back in for another kiss. It was slow and languid, rather than desperate and messy like it usually would be. George loved it.

"Get the lube," George said quietly, leaning back in for another kiss as Dream chuckled against his mouth, blindly reaching over to the bedside table for the familiar bottle.

George had reached a delicate hand down to cup his boyfriend's half-hard erection over his sweats, nipping at his lip and fisting his other hand in the front of Dream's shirt. Letting out a groan, the taller man slipped a hand under George's own pants, groping at his ass harshly.

George squirmed. "Fuck, we're wearing too much." Agreeing silently, Dream sat them both up and tugged his shirt off as fast as humanly possible while George shimmied out of his joggers, scooting off of Dream's lap to give him some room.

Opting to keep his cozy hoodie on, George crawled back into Dream's lap as soon as the other man's sweatpants were pooled on the floor.

"You wanna keep this on? *Again?*" Dream raised an eyebrow, smiling teasingly. George buried his face in Dream's shoulder, flushing. "Shut up. 'S cozy." He mumbled.

"You're so cute," Dream laughed fondly, letting his hands trail down to George's bony hips. George huffed, gentle hands running up to Dream's broad shoulders.

"C'mon, I want fingers," He pouted, arching his back and wiggling his hips.

"Okay, okay. Patient." Dream chuckled, reaching over to grab the lube and slick up a few of his fingers as George spread his legs, getting comfortable.

"You gunna be good tonight?" He asked, voice low and dripping with honey. George nodded slowly, long lashes tickling the side of Dream's neck as he closed his eyes.

A gentle kiss was pressed to the side of George's head as warm, long fingers gently worked him open. It was different than usual: nowhere near as desperate and quick. No, Dream was being extra gentle, stretching him open with practiced ease and sweet words.

By the time Dream had three fingers in him, George was nearly crying. Not from denial of pleasure, but from the overwhelming warm fuzziness in his chest.

"Dream," He murmured, breath warm against Dream's neck. His boyfriend kissed his head apologetically, curling his fingers expertly against his prostate. George keened, biting his bottom lip.

"Be patient, honey," Dream said softly, rubbing his back in slow circles. "I don't want it to hurt tonight."

George whimpered quietly, squeezing his eyes shut as he rocked his hips down, grinding their erections together. He felt Dream's groan vibrate through his chest.

"I know, I know," Dream kissed his messy hair. "Just a few more minutes and then I'll fuck you, okay? Promise."

George nodded wordlessly against his neck, already fallen deep into the fuzzy, familiar headspace Dream often lulled him into. There wasn't a single thought in his mind besides how much he loved Dream.

"I love you so much, George," Dream breathed out, his familiar voice filling George's chest with warmth as a strong arm was wrapped around his waist.

George kissed his way up Dream's neck in response, lifting his head only in favor of a kiss on the lips. He pressed into Dream's mouth desperately, sucking on his lip and moaning softly.

Dream had apparently deemed that George was prepped enough while they were kissing, though, because suddenly his fingers were gone, and something much thicker was prodding at his hole.

George shifted, reaching down to guide Dream's cock into him, letting out a moan as he slowly sunk down. It was so much thicker than he'd expected, especially with the angle, but the stretch was perfect, filling him up just how he needed with little resistance.

Dream must have wiped his other hand off, too, because George felt two warm arms around him, the weight incredibly comforting.

"God, can I - can I just sit for a little bit? Like this?" George asked quietly, resting his head on Dream's shoulder once more.

"Yeah," Dream murmured, "Course."

The ache was so sweet, it was exactly what George needed. Face pressed into the crook of Dream's neck, snuggled up in his big hoodie, and stuffed completely full, George closed his eyes. Dream was still hugging him, pressing random kisses to his head, and if he didn't need to come so badly, George might have fallen asleep.

After a few minutes, though, the ache started to become too much, and when he flexed needily around Dream's cock, the other man let out a quiet moan.

"You feel so fucking good, George," Dream breathed out, sliding his hands down to hold George's hips. He hummed in response.

"Can you... help? 'M tired, Dream," George only nuzzled his face farther into his boyfriend's neck, giving him messy little kisses there.

"Poor thing," Dream adjusted his grip on the smaller man's hips. "We can always finish this tomorrow if you're too tired, baby,"

"No, wanna finish now," George insisted. "I - I want you to take care of me. Like you always do."

Sunshine erupted in Dream's chest, heart clenching tight. "I'll *always* take care of you." He agreed.

He felt George's lips curl up into a smile against his neck before he slowly lifted George up, his cock not even sliding halfway out before lowering him back down. George moaned softly, pleased.

"Like that," He whispered.

George had lost all concept of time. They could have been rocking like that for hours, minutes, he had no idea. Dream was rocking his hips up at the same time as he lowered George down, and the pace was so painfully slow, but neither of them wanted to go any faster.

It was so intimate, just the two of them in their own little bubble. George was perfectly happy, face still tucked into Dream's neck, until he felt Dream's breathing get shaky.

Confused, George lifted his head, letting a hand slide down to rest on Dream's shoulder.

When he was greeted with the sight of his boyfriend's face splotchy and red, with tears streaming down his cheeks, George immediately reached down to grab Dream's hand.

"Dream, stop, what's...?" George stopped their movements, eyebrows knitting together.

Dream shook his head, letting out a teary laugh. "No, it's happy tears," He assured him, cupping George's cheek and leaning in for a sloppy kiss. "I'm just happy."

George smiled ever so softly, propping himself up with a forearm on Dream's chest. "Well, you don't need to cry, then, idiot," With his free hand, he reached up to thumb his tears away.

Dream laughed again, voice cracking. "I love you so fucking much, George," He leaned his cheek into George's hand, turning his head to press a kiss to his palm.

"I love you too," George said easily, too tired and too happy to get himself worked up about it. "You know that."

Dream sniffled, wrapping both of his arms around George's waist. "Okay, okay, my dick's gunna fall off if we don't finish this up, babe,"

George scoffed, happily pressing his face back into the crook of Dream's neck. "Go on, then," He encouraged, wiggling his hips back.

Dream hummed, kissing the side of George's head before starting to rock his hips up again, expertly brushing past George's prostate with each thrust.

The smaller man moaned, caught off guard by the sudden movement. "Fuck, Dream, please," He breathed out.

"I've got you," Dream assured him, holding George close as he ground their hips together.

George squirmed, trying to get a better angle as he slowly started bouncing on Dream's lap.

They picked up the pace once more, grinding desperately against each other, too tired and too needy to separate for longer. Dream hugged George tighter, kissing the side of his head, grinding up into George's tight heat desperately.

"Fuck, I'm close George," He panted, more tears slipping down his cheeks as he rocked up into him.

George felt himself start to cry too, overwhelmed with emotion and how good he felt. "Me too," He breathed out, "Need you,"

Dream bit his lip, his rhythm starting to stutter. "I'm right here, baby, fuck, c'mon," He reached a big hand between them to stroke George's neglected cock, making him cry out.

George had never felt so good in his life, he was sure of it, Dream whispering sweet nothings into his ear as they moved together as one.

George barely even registered that he was coming, hugging Dream tight and clenching around his cock as he made a mess of his hoodie.

Thankfully though, Dream was right behind him, filling him up to the brim as he held him close.

George was so tired, so blissed out, that he almost fell asleep as Dream pulled out and wiped him down gently. Before he knew it, he was stripped of his dirty hoodie, and then he was bundled up in Dream's strong arms.

"Sorry for crying," Dream said sheepishly, tracing random patterns into George's back as he tucked the smaller man's head under his chin.

George couldn't help but let out a little laugh. "I cry during sex all the time. It's okay," He assured him.

"I know, but still. It just hit me, like, how happy I am. I dunno."

George's heart felt full all over again. "Yeah?" He asked, tone softening.

"Yeah. I have everything I could've ever wanted. And I just love you *so* much it kind of blows my mind sometimes."

He pressed a kiss to Dream's bare chest, tugging the blankets over them both. "I love you too. A lot."

"I know! That's why I'm so happy!"

George chuckled. "Okay, tell me about it tomorrow, I'm tired. We're also taking a bath tomorrow."

"Deal," Dream pressed a kiss to the top of his head. "Happy Valentine's Day, George."

"Shut up."

The *I love you* was unspoken, but they both knew that that was exactly what he meant.

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